

War For Zootopia

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Summary: Nick and Judy are assigned to find a weapon developed by Nick's father and destroy it. But time is running out and as the city is torn apart from the inside as greater powers search for the weapon, Nick is forced to make a choice between the rabbit he loves and his own safety. NickxJudy

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The lights flair on, and Nick starts awake. He raises his head slightly; and wiping his eyes blearily he looks around. The white washed walls of the room mean nothing to him at first. Slowly, he realizes where he is.

"Why am I in a holding cell?" he murmurs. He tries to sit up, but feels a violent pain in his chest and decides that maybe it would be better to sit for right now. He lowers himself back into the chair that he's awoken on, and tries to reason out why he could be here. Small pieces of ideas seem to be trying to put themselves together, but none of them can make it through the hauntingly bright lights hanging from the ceiling. Nick raises his hands to shield himself from the light, and slowly puts together one coherent thought.

I got shot.

But of course, he reasons, that can't be the whole thing. It explains the pain, but it doesn't explain the captivity. People aren't arrested for being wounded- otherwise, I'd see more of those damn wolves in here. This argument makes sense. Again, he tries to get up, but is startled back into his seat as the door creaks open.

Slowly, Chief Bogo walks into the room. In his right paw is clutched a manila folder. He turns to Nick, and the fox is instantly on edge. Bogo has never, ever looked at him like that- with a look of relief and fear.

"Hello, Officer Wilde. It's good to see you." Bogo says kindly, walking towards him.

"Yeah, no." Nick says, suddenly annoyed. "Cut the crap. I wake up in a holding cell and all you're gonna tell me is that it's nice to see me?"

Bogo looks taken aback. "I was making conversation." He says, sounding hurt.

"Tell me why I'm here, tell me how I ended up with a bullet lodged in my chest, and tell me where the hell Judy is, and then we can talk." Nick pauses, surprised. Judy hadn't even been in his thoughts until this point, and now he realized that it was a pressing issue.

"Well, Officer Wilde," Bogo states dryly, "I've had to keep her out there for twelve hours now. She almost got past me, tried to break the door down." He laughs. "She's fine, unlike you."

"Care to explain?" Nick asks.

Bogo sighs, and places the folder on the table. "Long story short, Mr. Wilde, your father recently passed away." To most people, this would mean nothing. But Nick stiffens, looking Bogo dead in the face.

"No." he whispers. "Chief-"

"I know." Bogo says coldly, opening the folder. "Your father was the biggest crime lord in the city, ruling over large parts of everything with the exception of Tundra Town, which is under the control of Mr. Big."

"But now that he's gone-" Nick murmurs.

"There is no one that can rightfully assume the position of the crime boss." Bogo pauses. "With the exception, of course, of you."

The silence in the room is thick, hot and heavy. Nick stares down at the floor, suddenly cold inside. He hardly knew his father. With the exception of the packages of money, the expensive presents he would find outside his door occasionally, and the blind eye most criminals seemed to pay his former hustling, it was as if his father had never existed at all.

"Your father was Mr. Jonathan Wilde?" Bogo probes gently.

"Yeah, I think so." Nick murmurs.

"He was announced to be dead approximately 8 hours ago. However, autopsy shows that he had been dead of cardiac arrest upwards of six hours prior to that public announcement. And, of course, two hours after his actual death, the wars began to start."

"No, no, no, no, no, no." Nick says sharply, standing. "You can't be serious, Chief. Wars, what are you even talking about?!" He shouts, desperation cracking his voice.

"Your father's crime ring was made up of many different syndicates. He was the last person to actually unite them, and thus, when he

died, all of the gangs that had been a part of his ring split up into individual groups again." He says, placing a hand on Nick's shoulder. "To be more specific, there are now over three hundred individual gangs across the city."

Nick sinks into his chair. His face shows nothing but a mixture of shock and horror.

"Officer Hopps and yourself responded to one of about a dozen calls that began to come in throughout the day. Hopps, Fangmeyer, and yourself all lead teams of eight persons each to the outskirts of City Hall. The riot was massive, and there were at least twenty casualties already. Hopps and her team began to use Pepper Spray to clear one gang, but they began to fight back." Bogo draws a deep breath, and then continues. "All teams were drive up to the steps of the city hall. There was no escape."

"What happened?" Nick whispers.

"You, in violation of my direct orders, removed your mask and ordered the fighting to cease. I don't know why you did it, but from what I gather, Officer Hopps had just been wounded and you needed to get her out of there. It was a foolhardy move." There's a long pause.

"It worked." Nick mutter numbly. "It worked, didn't it."

"Yes, Officer Wilde, it worked." Bogo looks at Nick sadly. "It worked so well, that it looked as if you were a criminal. In my own haste, I ordered you to beâ€|" he trails off.

Nick stares. "You shot me?" he asks, horror in every syllable.

"Yes. Francine did it." Bogo whispers. "Officer Hopps cleared everything up once we had taken everybody into custody, but by that time you had already lost quite a bit of blood and there was almost no chance you were going toâ€|" Bogo coughs, wipes his eyes slightly, and speaks in a very controlled voice. "Look, I'm asking you to forgive me."

"It's alright." Nick says, and was surprised to found that he meant it. This "cop" thing was really starting to change him. "You did what you thought was right, and I'll admit, I do look like a fiendishly handsome criminal mastermind occasionally."

Bogo smiles a watery grin, and then continues. "We got you cleaned up, but by that time we had a bigger problem. Most of the wars had subsided, but the captured gang members gave hints about why they were fighting."

"Why?"

"Apparently your father had ordered something created. A weapon of some form. They know it by its nickname- 'VALKYRIE.'"

"Okay." Nick says dryly. "So what does this have to do with me?"

"I'm assigning you a new mission." Bogo says, his chiefly voice clear and official. "You and Hopps, if you so choose. The whole department is going out be trying to stop these wars. In the meantime, I want

you to find out what VALKYRIE is and stop it as soon as possible. From what we've seen, there are a lot of powerful people who want that weapon. Find it and destroy it. Do you read me?"

"Loud and clear, sir." Nick says, shooting him a wink.

"If I hadn't shot you, I would fire you for insubordination." Bogo says heatedly.

"Oh, I know." Nick grins. "I'll take advantage of the guilt trip for as long as I please."

"Good to see you're back up to full speed again." Bogo comments.

"Can I leave now?" Nick asks.

"Yes." Bogo says, and Nick thinks he might have seen the flicker of a smile as he says. "Just open the door slowly, or you might get tackled."

With Bogo's help, Nick raises himself from the chair and gets up. The wound isn't hurting as badly as it did before, which means he can already walk almost unaided. Almost. He reaches for the doorknob, and begins to turn it. There's a violent jolt, and the door opens, as if of its own accord. A gray blur rushes through the door and grabs nick, almost bowling him over.

"NickNickNickohthankgodIwassoworriedareyoualrightthankgod!" The small gray form clutches him tightly to her chest.

"Easy, Carrots. I'm not invincible yet." Nick says, smiling, and wraps his free hand around the bunny.

"Told you." Bogo mutters in his ear. Nick snaps a salute, and Bogo heads out the door. Nick smiles quietly. He knows he should tell her. And he will. But now isn't the right time. He has, after all, just come back from the dead.

"So, Carrots, what do you want for dinner?" he asks, and they begin to limp towards the door. "I'll settle for anything that goes good with a glass of pain medication." She laughs, and the door closes behind them.

ELSEWHERE

"_Have you found him?" the creature asks. He is seated in the darkness, and stares intently at the animal in front of him._

"_No, sir." The animal responds. "The police have released a statement saying that he is not dead. But that is all._

"_Find him, and bring him to me." the animal says. "He will activate Valkyrie if we must kill him to do it. Go. Bring him to me._

End
file.